



CROSS WIR'D

SOOT

Bin Licker

Brainbeau

Cold Fish

Caroline No

Sober Adventures! pt. 5

Mystic Fire

Anti-Matt

Sorry Golden State

Icing Eater

Dairy Queen

4 shows, 1 zine

Another zine, another day

Record Store Day, Tym's Guitars, SOOT, a band whose name I can't remember (SORRY), Bin Licker, Brainbeau

Feeling a bit brain foggy trying to start this off, and on the day felt this similar mental dullness, like a caffeine reptile that's been sitting on a rock staring half a day. And who doesn't have this feeling just a little bit walking around Fortitude Valley a few hours after the AM on a sunny afternoon?

Everyone sitting around in gutters or around officey or yuppie cafe type surroundings and general office grime, some sipping beers or ciders, some iced tea or grazing on chips.

First band to play, I forget the name of. They were the extra mystery band. They were barely angsty emo music but by probably Conservatorium students who worked hard at the craft, are nice people, up to date with the indie mainstream like Arcade Fire. The songs would build up in intensity and virtuosity and end at some strange and clever times. I guess it was nice, is what I would say overall. People gave them what Alex observed was a golf clap, and one of them said, "That was the most polite clap we've ever received, it's like you don't even care." And nobody made a sound. I don't think *they* even cared, though. Was that complaint a real complaint or cool irony? A bit of both, bit in between. Anyhow, wouldn't write off the band, they were nice, they weren't bad.

I had missed Bin Licker, by the way, as they were on at 12pm. I had drank a can of Red Bull (orange flavour) and in the car was already thinking of a shitty review I could write of them. Something along the lines of,

"Bin Licker thinks that being self-aware of their filth by naming themselves something absurd and filthy, will absolve them of having to confront any filth in their souls. And, they also think that not having their words comprehensible will make them seem like they don't give a fuck if you understand them or not, but they do give a fuck. They may just be too confused to make something of themselves that's not an acid-fucked badarse wannabe posture. 'Confused' ain't really the thing they're going for, sure,

because they want to be powerful and controlled with that drum machine and angry vocals and all. But it's clear that they are a failed attempt to deal with the alienation of society's failures, just like this zine here. Kool as it may be, it's like clutching an oar when your boat's floating away with holes in it. I cannot in good conscience recommend, except in small doses. Or when you're close enough to shore to pretend like your oar is a horsey digging it in the sand in the shallows, while your parents are close by and it's not the dangerous twilight times.

Bin Licker, filth sucker, butt fisher, what would a Bin Licker fan club be called?

I'm coming dangerously close to letting the confusion sweep over me by over-contemplating the meaning of Bin Licker.

So I'll be entirely superficial. Bin Licker, lick lick bins, dirty, germs, bin fishing, bin bags, garbage truck, graffiti on truck, I dare you to lick the bin LOL, bin sucker, I like the drum machines and bass guitars, shouting man, man yells, young woman on music sound machine, costumes, lots of things that are OK. Real or imagined filth. I'd lick a bin, how about you?

Edit: Bin Licker know I love them regardless of all this.

SOOT are a band I couldn't write a vaguely negative review about. They cut through my dullness a bit to get a bit of excitement in my veins even while I was standing there in the store, probably trying hard not to lean too much on a pile of amps in front of me, or a glass case of fancy audio equipment.

They started and then stopped a bit for a cigarette, was cool to see a nice relaxed pace and a good smoko-or-break-for-whatever-you-need so you're not taxing yourselves. I'd have thought it was cool if someone just wanted to go to the toilet before playing or eat a snack too.

A highlight was the Gun Club cover of Stranger In Our Town. That's a very energetic song and very VERY cool to hear sung with Riley's vocals. The energy of this spirited 80s guitar-driven song still being captured by a bass, xylophone and

drums combo by two girls and a boy in their early twenties, a bit drunk and really liking the song. A fun set overall.

Brainbeau were very cool too, half because of Katie Martin's purple glitter cowboy hat, tweetie bird prop, purple soccer jersey, large chains around neck. Dance music that would fit both here and in a big outdoor bush doof stage. Groovy tunez.

Cold Fish at Phase 4, 28/4



Cold Fish played their last show. I stood and watched them play and then said goodbye to the wonderful Shan Corrigan. Off to Melbourne.

I unfortunately missed the excellent En Kernagan Project Experience 1997 due to a timing mishap.

Caroline No and Sorry Golden State, Phase 4, 2/5



This was a cosy little Thursday night show where young and the veterans gathered for new and 90s sweetness. Such beauty as Caroline No, a lady whose name I didn't get, and Ian Wadley of Small World Experience and tasteful facebook presence watching over us younger generation, is hard to come by. Borrowed bass and electric guitar all shiny in their hands to play some sweet songs. Some sweet, humble in-between banter before getting back into perfect singing voice.

Sorry Golden State I saw after meeting a girl outside called Chloe, who came to see them, who seemed to fit right in immediately and who I was glad to introduce to everybody. On behalf of Matt K and Tia, thanks for the tobacco too. Warmth of atmosphere carried over with their set, during which I imagined a music video of people having a little boogie in. If Alex moved just a little more. Already got comfortable on stage. Dressed in all black because of work but looking cool to me, and fitting in with the new joke that Sorry Golden State is actually a terrorist organisation. An amp fell down, missing somebody by about a foot, and it was said that Sorry Golden State has claimed another life. Dark jokes aside, it was really nice music and a warm evening.

House Warm with Anti-Mxtt, Icing Eater, Mystic Fyre, Dairy Queen 3/5

This was an experimental, creatively loose, mildly loose but contained party-wise, Friday night where the cops showed up at nine something because people were jamming messily. Even that guy who I think, is named Ryan, who I see everywhere but is pretty quiet, had a go at the drums and came out of a bedroom proclaiming, "MOUSE PISS!" when asked what was happening in there. You know who to ask if you need a drummer.

Came at 5pm expecting a timely solo Kitchen's Floor performance but instead, at 6, Matt set up his amp, a drone machine and his electric guitar to do some anti-performance of him going 'bowbowbow' with his electric guitar in time with droning beatz, like some kind of industrial marching tune. Hoodie pulled over his head and all. Didn't last very long. Seemed kind appropriate for the weird moods we've been in

lately, that Matt would come out with something a little bit weird. Usually he doesn't do that.

The delightfully, sickly named Icing Eater drone n bass, I guess you could roughly call it, were delightedly playing some downer tunex for us all. Samantha Spam Panther saying some dark stuff like "why don't you just shutt uppp..." but distorted and slow and like it's some subconscious voice popping up. Rohan on bass looking down, sitting on a chair. Dark and tumultuous as all the stuff going on around us and in us lately.

Thank you xox

Mystic Fire lifted the mood with some sounds kind of like Rob Zombie but with Tia yowling n carrying on into a mic, indiscernable words, back to the audience like usual. Riley on drums and Tim Green sounding sick. Some metal personnae coming out, refreshingly, from da Goon Sax chick and da free jazz drummer. It is gratifying seeing metal from non-metal-looking people.

Dairy Queen (named after a little girl's enormous pet toad in the Sane Toads [edit: Cane Toads] documentary) another instrumental messy jazz like punk act with the element of unpredictability (seeming to be a theme tonight) and frustrated mood, confident but stir crazy maybe. They did a cover of Sex Bomb Flipper and everyone was a bit messy ('cept for sober me, peering through the kitchen windows protecting my little ears) mic grabs and stuff, "WHAAAAOOWW SEX BOMB BABY YEAH" So, yeah. There was also an air of refinement and messy, artistic complexity to the night, somehow. Aint' no ordinary punk band covering Flipper. I might've had something to do with the talent involved, of these cross-genre types all coming together and the subtle aesthetics all flowing together. Some of the outfits, I haven't even gotten into. Oh and there was a little shivering mouse there, too.

Anyhow. That's a night. Went home sober and alone and went to bed. Night.

